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The Printer and His Devils.

SCENE I—The office of "Rock Town Shoe-string"—table, R. C.—*chair,* L. 1 E.—*door* C.—*pile of papers around table.*

ADOLPHUS CICERO *discovered at table writing—makes grimaces, etc.*

Enter, Newsboy, L.

Newsboy. Here's your "Rock Town Pulverizer!" (*exit,* C.

Adolphus. My rival's got out his paper this morning. Wonder what he's got to say! (*starts to read*) Hello! What's this! "Adolphus Cicero, the cracked brained editor of "Shoe-string" fired another broad-side of the milk and water doctrine into the Democratic ranks last week. The milk was sour as the doctrine itself and the water did but further harm than to wash a few specks of dirt off a leaning mug wump's back. The editor of the "Shoe-string" is a fanatic or lunatic and ought to be caged." (*jumps up and crushes paper in his hand*) Oh, the mean, low-lived, contemptible polly-wogger! If I had my hand on the nape of his neck I'd shake him till his toe nails dropped off! So my contemporary, Mr. Samuel Slick, editor of the "Rock Town Pulverizer" is a snide, a thief, a scandal monger, a woman-hater, a—a—a—raving maniac! Talk's about *me* as if I were a dog! Calls *me* a fanatic or lunatic! *Me!* Why, I'm editor of the "Rock Town Shoe-string," the *only* and *best* Republican paper in Rock county! *Me!* Why, I'm candidate for Congress of this 14th district of—!* Yet he calls me a fanatic or lunatic—but I'll be elected in spite of the slandering tongue of Samuel Slick and the combined efforts of——and——!† I'm the best man in seven states and don't you give it away! When I come back from Congress, I'm going to run for president—

ANDY HANKS *sticks his head through door and says, "Of a sand bank!"*—ADOLPHUS *goes to table and sits down.*

—When I get to be Congressman won't Sam Slick feel mean! I'll smoke ten cent cigars, drink fifty cent whisky and introduce free trade bills every day. Who knows—I might fall in love with some pretty girl and get married like Grover Cleveland did. The future is bright indeed and no man knows that the future has in store for me. (ANDY *and* JOHN *playing on fifes outside*) For Heaven's sake what's that!

---

*You can name state in which you live.

†You can use the names of two gentlemen from your town.

Enter, C., ANDY *and* JOHN, *playing on fifes—march past table to* R.—*then turn and go in front to* L.—ANDY *sits on chairs and shoves* JOHN *to the floor*—ADOLPHUS *gets up—appearing to be very mad and makes wild motions.*

Andy. Say, boy, what are you layin' down there for? 'Taint bed-time yet!

John. Go 'way from here, you fool! Come out in the street an' I'll knock your backbone up in your mouth so you can't chaw!

Adol. (*catches them by the shoulders—pushes them to the* R. *and* L.) Look here, you young rag-a-muffins! What in the thunder are you making so much noise about? Andy Hanks, as long as you have been devil in this office, you haven't learned to behave yourself yet! Come out here! What have you got to say for yourself?

Andy. Why, when I was goin' down to the post office to get the mail, I saw John Henry there, sittin' on the curb stone playin' on two fifes. I asked him to lend me one and he did, and he went down to the post office with me. On the way he asked me what I was doin'; I told him I was devil at the "Shoe-string" printin' office. He said he would like to be a devil, and so I brought him here to see if you wouldn't give him a place. Say, boss, I b'lieve he would make a good devil, 'cause he's mean enough!

Adol. So, my young friend, you'd like to be a devil?

John. Y-e-s, I'd like to be a devil!

Adol. All right! I'll give you a place here, and I'll pay you off every Saturday night. (*to* ANDY) Where's the mail?

Andy. Here it is! (*gives letter*) John Henry, a tune!

ADOLPHUS *reads letter*—JOHN *and* ANDY *on the opposite sides of the stage*—JOHN *plays a tune*—ADOLPHUS *catches* ANDY *by the ear—then marches over to* JOHN, *catches him by the ear—marches them to* C. *of stage.*

John & *Andy.* Oh! O—o—o—w!

Adol. Look here, you two apes! I'll have you to understand that I won't have this confounded racket here! (*pulls ears*

Andy & *John.* Oh—o—ow!

Andy. Adolphus Cicero, did you see the gardener? (ADOLPHUS *pulls ears*

Andy & *John.* Oh—o—o—ow!

Adol. No, I did not!

Andy. Well, he wanted to see you. (*pulls ears*

Andy & *John.* Oh—o—ow!

Adol. What did he want with me?

Andy. About that lettuce. (*pulls ears*

Andy & *John.* Oh—o—o—ow!

Adol. What lettuce?

Andy & *John.* (*together*) Let us go!

Adol. (*shoves them apart*) Well then, go! (*he goes to table—puts on hat—takes umbrella*) Well, boys, I must go down street! Andy Hanks, you take John Henry down into the composing room, show him how to set type, clear up pi, wash rollers, sweep out, and all the rest of the duty that falls to the lot of the devils. I'll be back in one-half hour and see what progress you have made. No loafing, now, but work! (*exit*, C.

John. Say, Andy Hanks, let's go and clean up the pi! Say, have you got any pungkin pie? Golly, I'm as hungry as a dead owl!

Andy. Say, John Henry, you won't want to clean up pi many times! It ain't like eatin' pumpkin pie! If it was, Adolphus Cicero wouldn't have to pay me any wages! All he'd have to do was to keep me cleanin' up pie—but say, John Henry, I got to go and correct a galley of type. You stay here till I come back. (*exit*, C.

John. Say, now! Ain't I a purty devil! I ain't got no tail or no horns! I always thought devils had tails and horns. I wonder what makes people call boys that works in printen offices devils. It's an awful bad name, but I bet I know! It's 'cause printen offices are such bad places that they have got to have bad names to match; but I know I'll make a devil, 'cause pa says the devil was born in me!

Enter, ANDY, C., *with galley of type—seats himself at table and reads proof-sheet.*

Andy. Go and tell Miss Alice to send me a lower case "a" in nonpareil, a cap "m" in long primer, lower case "e" in bourgeois—hurry up now!

JOHN *drops into chair and faints*—ANDY *looks up from paper and sees* JOHN.

—John Henry! John Henry! Well, blast my buttons! If that new devil hain't gone to sleep already! But I'll wake him up! I'll ram this paper into his mouth and then give him a touch with the sharp point of this pin.

Sticks paper into his mouth—JOHN *jumps up, having hold of* ANDY'S *finger*—ANDY *yells.*

—Leave go there, or I'll hit you over the eye!

John. Say, Andy Hanks, what you take me for! I ain't got a memory as big as Boston! If you make me faint again, I'm a dead boy, 'cause I ain't used to faintin', and my pa and my ma says it ain't good for my constitution!

Andy. Well, never mind, John Henry! Ah, here's a bad mistake! John Henry, tell Miss Alice to send me two "m braces." Hurry up, now!

John. Say, do you think she will give them to me? Don't you think I'd better get a knock down first?

Andy. No; go do as I tell you.

John. All right—two embraces! Yum, yum, yum! (*exit*, L.

Andy. Ha, ha, ha! Now lookout for fun! I wonder if he's got sense enough to ask her for the type. Like as not he'll go and hug her like a polar bear.

Yells and screams heard outside—JOHN *runs in and gets behind table.*

Enter, ALICE FOOTSLUG, C., *with mallet in hand.*

Alice. Come out of there, you scamp! How dare you hug me in this outrageous manner? Andy Hanks, what's the meaning of this?

Andy. Calm yourself, Miss Alice! I just sent John Henry after two "m braces", and he tried to hug you, did he?

Alice. Yes, he did; and if he comes near me again, I'll break his head with this mallet!

Andy. Stand up, John Henry! Where are those two "m braces" I sent you for?

John. You see, I didn't have time—she got after me with that mallet, and I had to cut and run.

Andy. John Henry, I don't believe that! Miss Alice, didn't he get his two "m braces?"

Alice. Yes; he did!

John. No; I didn't!

Alice. Did!

John. Didn't!

Alice & John. Did! did! did! Didn't! didn't! didn't!

Andy. Shut up! John Henry, didn't you get your two "m braces?"

John. No; I didn't!

Andy. Why didn't you?

John. I didn't have time.

Andy. Why didn't you have time?

John. You see, when I got done embracing her onct, she got after me with that mallet and I had to dust.

Andy. So you tried to hug her. (*both laugh*

Alice. Shut up, you mud faces!

Andy & John. Mud faces!

Alice. Yes, mud faces! Now, I am going back to my work and if either of you bother me again, I'll tell the editor and have you both discharged. (*exit*, L.

John. I'll be dogoned if I go after any more embraces!

Andy. All right, John Henry! Say, did you ever see any printer's lice?

John. No; do printers have lice? Say, Andy, have you got any lice?

Andy. No! Printers don't have any lice, but the type does. (*pours dirty black water into galley*) Come, look right close and you can see them. (JOHN *comes up and looks at galley*) Do you see them?

John. No, I don't see them!

Andy. Look closer!

JOHN *sticks head about an inch from galley*—ANDY *squirts dirty water into* JOHN'S *face.*

Andy. John Henry, did you see them?

John. (*wipes face*) Yes, I did! Dog on you, if you wasn't bigger than me, I'd chew your ear! Got any drinkin' water 'round here? I'm thirstier than a muzzled bull dog!

Andy. Yes; wait—I'll go and get you some! (*exit*, C.

John. I bet that old fool won't play any more practical tricks on me!

Enter, ANDY, *with two tin cups with water—one with black on bottom that will rub off easily.*

Andy. Now, John Henry, you must learn to drink like a devil. (*gives blackened cup to* JOHN) Just watch me and do as I do! First you get down on your knees—(*go through motions*)—shut your eyes, put your fingers in the water, rub them on the bottom of the cup and then rub your hand over your face. Now you can drink.

(ANDY *laughs*—JOHN *drinks*

John. Say, Andy, do you believe in ghosts?

Andy. No, there ain't no such things!

John. Yes there is—and they can talk, too!

Andy. Oh, humbug!

John. No; they ain't no humbug, or any other kind of bugs, either! (*in a very tragical manner*) You know as I was passing by the graveyard last night, I happened to turn my head, and I saw a ghost approaching me. I wasn't scared—no! So I waited till it came up. Soon it was at my side, placed its long bony hand upon my shoulder, and whispered, "I am your father's ghost!" I wasn't scared—no—o—o! We talked awhile, but soon were disturbed by something passing along near by. My father clutched my shoulder-blade, his eyes were flashing fire, (ANDY *appears frightened*) and looking up into my face, he said, "My dear and only son, what's that, that moves as softly as a pussy cat? I mean the thing upon two legs, with feathers in its head. It has the gift of speech, I hear, but surely can't be human; and as my pa's ghost disappeared over the graveyard fence, I yelled, "Pa, that's what they call a woman!" And the last time I saw my pa's ghost he wasn't in sight.

Andy. Golly! wasn't you skeered? But say, John Henry, I've got to go in the other room and do some work, and as you have not got a good memory, I'll hang up signs showing you what to do.

*Hangs up two signs—one is, "sit down" which he hangs on chair—the other "bring some wood", which he hangs on the wall—*JOHN *sees one on chair.*

—Do everything the signs tell you and you will soon learn to be a devil. (*exit* C.

John. (*reads*) "Sit down!" I don't care if I do. (*goes to chair and sits down—jumps up and screams*) Dog on his old pins! (*sees other sign—reads*) "Bring some wood." I don't care if I do—anything to get out of here! (*exit* L.

Enter, ADOLPHUS, R., *intoxicated—has sign pinned on collar, "hold my head," and one on seat, "paddle me here"—he turns back to audience for a minute.*

Adol. I've—hic—had a glorious time—hic—had some ten cent—hic—cigars and some fifty cent whisky—hic—just like I'm going to have when I go—hic—to Congress! I met—hic—two old college friends and they "set 'em up!" Loafed long enough—must get to work. (*goes to table—leans over it—begins to write*

Enter, ANDY *and* JOHN, L.—JOHN *carrying barrel stave—they see signs and motion to each other as to which shall go first.*

Andy. I'll hold his head and you paddle him here.

(JOHN *paddles* ADOLPHUS, *who yells and screams*

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